BBC tv TIME-LIFE BOOKS 25p
98 Weekly parts No. 9

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

AMERICA'S ROAD TO REBELLION

England's "tyrant" taxes and fiery Yankee reprisals

EXCITING OFFER! MODEL SAILING SHIP

Australia & New Zealand 70c South Africa 60c Canada 95c

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BBC tv TIME-LIFE BOOKS 25p
98 Weekly parts No. 9

Editor Harold C. Field
Deputy Editor John Man
Picture Editor Jean I. Tennant
Design Consultant Louis Klein
Staff Writers Stephen Webbe, Simon Rigge, Hilary Macaskill
Picture Researchers Marian Berman, Pamela Marke
Art Director Robert Hook
Assistant Art Director Graham Davis
Art Assistant Bridget Allan
Editorial Assistant Anne Morgan
Staff Photographer Eileen Tweedy
Partwork Director Kurt Medina
Sales Director George Gillespie
Consultants D. K. Fieldhouse, Lecturer in Commonwealth History and Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford
A. F. Madden, Reader in Commonwealth Government and Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford

JIM HICKS, author of the text sections of this issue, is a product of Britain's First Empire, America. Born in Texas, he received an MA from Northwestern University where he read political science and history. As London Bureau Chief for LIFE magazine, he wrote an eyewitness report of the events accompanying Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence. He now lives and works in London.

Subscriptions – These are available at £6·50 for six months, inclusive of postage and packing. For addresses outside of the United Kingdom, the rate is £8·75, inclusive of surface postage and packing.
Back Numbers – These are available at your local newsagent or may be secured by post for the inclusive price of 25p per issue. Be sure and specify which issue(s) you desire.
Orders for both subscriptions and back numbers should be sent, with remittance, to *The British Empire*, BBC Publications, 35 Marylebone High St., London W1M 4AA.
Binders – These may be ordered at £1·05 for the Standard edition and £1·75 for the Deluxe edition, either individually or on subscription. Orders, with remittance, should be sent to *British Empire Binders*, BBC Publications, P.O. Box No. 126, London SE1 5JZ.
NOTE: All above payments should be by crossed cheque/P.O.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: (*t*=top; *b*=bottom; *l*=left; *r*=right; *c*=centre). Cover and 248/249: National Gallery of Art, Washington D.C. *The Burning of Charles Town*, Collection of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. Back cover: by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Courtesy of American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass. 242/243; Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris 244*t*; Trustees of the British Museum 226, 228*l*, 237, 242*bl*, 244*bl*, 245, 248*l*, 250*b*; Colonial Williamsburg, Virginia 228/229; Culver Pictures 240*t*; Independence National Historical Park Collection, Philadelphia 227*b*; Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 241*t*, 244*br*; Mansell Collection 236*b*, 241*b*; Massachusetts Historical Society 233*b*, 238/239, 240*b*; Metropolitan Museum of Art 230*tl*, 230*tc*, 230/231, 235 (inset), Gifts of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch; Collection of Mr. & Mrs. J. William Middendorf II, New York 246/247; Courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston 238*tl* (30.76d), 239*br* (30.76c) both by John Singleton Copley; National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. 230*bl* *The End of the Hunt*, anon., 232*tl* *The Sargent Family*, anon., 234/235 *The Cornell Farm*, Edward Hicks, Gifts of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch; National Portrait Gallery, London 227*t*, 251*b*; Museum of the City of New York 250*t* (The Harry T. Peters Collection); New York Public Library 225 (Rare Book Division), 228*c* (Manuscript Division, Emmet Collection), 232/233 (Phelps Stokes Collection), 251*t* (Prints Division); Historical Society of Pennsylvania 232*b*; Shelburne Museum, Inc., Vermont 229; Sy Seidman 236*t*. PHOTOGRAPHER: Eileen Tweedy 226, 228*l*, 237, 242*bl*, 244*bl*, 245, 248, 250*b*.

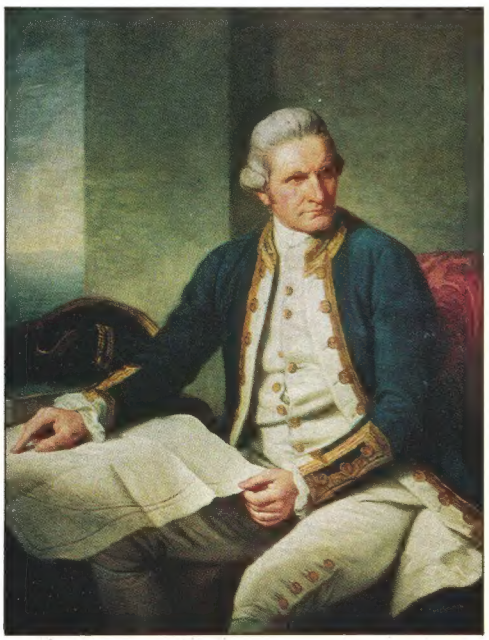
© 1972. Time-Life International (Nederland) N.V.

Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

Published by Time-Life/BBC.

Printed in England by Jarrold and Sons Ltd. Norwich.

Issue No. 10 World War: The revolt of the American colonists opened the floodgates of a world-wide struggle only resolved at Waterloo after nearly 40 years of war.



Issue No. 11: The World Revealed. In three epic voyages of discovery in the Pacific Ocean, Captain James Cook charted Australia and New Zealand, and brought them into the Empire.

CONTENTS

225. America's Road to Rebellion
England's efforts to restore her war-shattered economy by taxing Americans – and the colonists' own determination not to pay up.

230. Picture Essay: A Flourishing New Country
The wealthy plantation owners, the rising merchants and independent farmers who, though admiring England, would no longer be bound by her dictates.

236. To the Brink of War
A spiral of bitterness, fed by oppressive taxation, dissident mobs, murderous reprisals and finally the crowning insult of the Boston Tea Party.

242. Picture Essay: The First Blows for Freedom
Bitter words and mob rule turn to all-out violence as the Americans draw first blood at Lexington and Concord.

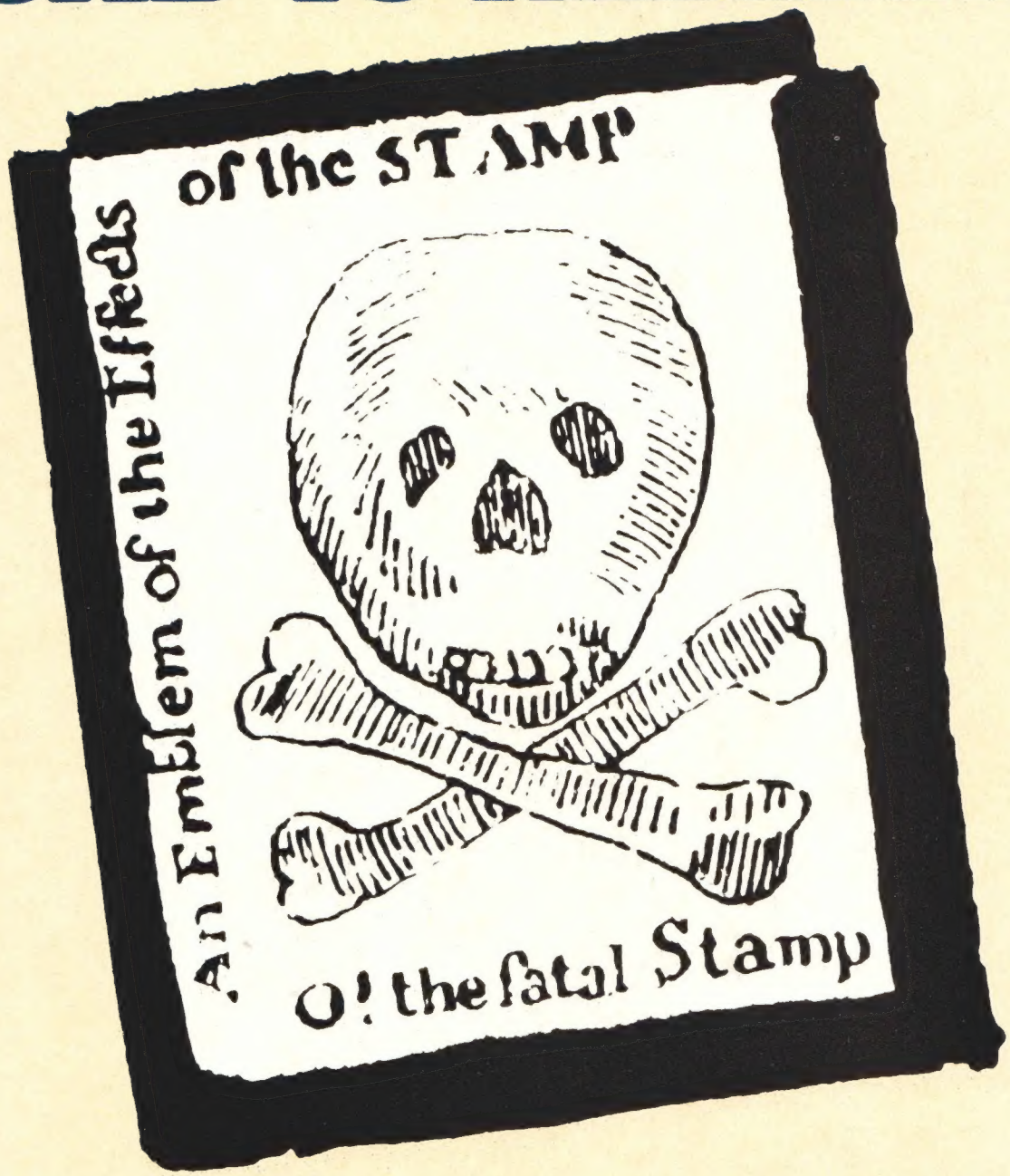
250. The Decision to Rebel
Tom Paine's clear-cut writings act as a clarion-call to revolutionaries, who commit themselves to all-out war for independence.

Cover (detail): The British, besieged in Boston by rebellious Americans, lob shells on Charlestown and the hills beyond in preparation for the British assault of June 1775.

MINIATURES TOKEN
Save this with tokens from issues 7, 8 and 10 for this offer.
Save this with tokens from issues 10, 11 and 12 for this offer.
MODEL SHIP TOKEN

These tokens are valuable see inside back cover.

AMERICA'S ROAD TO REBELLION



Emerging victorious from her Seven Years War with France, but staggering under a tremendous burden of debt, Britain tried to compel her American colonists, who had benefited from the conflict, to share the load through certain taxes. The response – as illustrated by this death's head protest against the tax on stamps – was an ominous rumbling of colonial discontent which grew as King and Parliament adamantly pressed their claims. Over a dozen years, passionate resentment on both sides waxed ever stronger, until it threatened the very fabric of Empire.

By Jim Hicks

Kings no more than commoners are privileged to choose their own exits from life. But the departure in 1760 of George II, who died early one morning in his most privy chamber from the strain of trying to relieve his royal person, seemed particularly inappropriate for one whose sceptre represented a British authority that had never been stronger.

Britain's overseas Empire, born in exploration and nurtured with colonization and trade, had been tested in war and confirmed by victory. Englishmen had beaten down the French challenge East and West. British sea power was supreme from Bengal to the Caribbean, from Dakar to North America. George III, only 22 when he succeeded his grandfather, had good cause to tell his subjects as he ascended the throne that he "gloried in the name of Briton." Even in that hour of bright promise, however, forces were at work which would plunge the Empire into civil war, tear from it a great piece of English civilization – great in English wealth, English thought, and Englishmen – and thrust the 13 rebellious American islands on to their own, separate and highly significant course of history.

George III cannot alone, or even mainly, be blamed for the events which shattered his realm. Most power was Parliament's and Parliament was controlled by an oligarchy made up of conflicting factions. Rich merchants, who believed that what was good for business was good for the nation, pitted their political strength against the landowners, squires who were not "burthened or perplexed by many ideas," but who held strong opinions on one subject: taxes. In particular, they resented a burdensome land tax of four shillings in the pound levied to pay for the preceding 20 years

In 1763, at the end of the Seven Years War, Britain's American empire formed an apparently stable and prosperous band of English civilization from Hudson Bay to Spanish Florida. But it was a precarious stability. With the French threat in Canada removed, the Thirteen Colonies had no further need of protection. And after a British proclamation of 1763 limited westward colonial expansion, Americans began to seethe with anger at tight British controls.

of war – war which had been far more beneficial for trade than for farming.

A third group, the King's supporters in Parliament, were men who held offices or pensions from the Crown. To stay in power, these politicians had to reconcile the frequently conflicting interests of the merchants and the landowners – and somehow, somewhere, they had to find money. The interest on the national debt alone was five million pounds a year, an astronomical sum for the period, and running an Empire was proving a costly business. So it was no surprise that officials searching for additional income should have turned their attention to the North American colonies.

Here, virtually untaxed, was a rich and populous section of the English world. One fifth of all British subjects lived in America. Poverty of the degree common in England was unknown in the New World. American freeholders enjoyed a higher standard of living than their tenant-farmer cousins back home, and the American rich were very rich. In Virginia, wrote an English visitor, "you may really go from house to house living upon Delicatesses, and drinking claret you would not despise at the first tavern in London." Ladies of society paraded Boston's Mall in expensive, flower brocaded gowns, a few months behind London's fashions, perhaps, but well ahead of English provincial styles.

Much of this affluence had been created during the Seven Years War between the major European powers that started in 1756. But though Britain fought France to protect the colonies, the colonies gave the mother country little support until Westminster promised to reimburse them for their help. Before the British agreed to pay for supplies. the Americans had even sold arms to the enemy.

Only after the treaty of 1763 that ended the war did English taxpayers learn, to their alarm and astonishment, the cost of victory. Great Britain's public debt averaged £18 per man; that of the colonies, 18 shillings. The average American was paying sixpence a year in taxes, the average Briton had a tax bill 50 times as great.

From the British point of view, the colonies not only appeared capable of contributing to the Empire's purse, but were morally obliged to. The 1763 treaty had, after all, made Canada British thus making the colonies secure against further French attacks.

George III, conscientious and plodding, strove unsuccessfully to live up to his mother's injunction: "George, be a king."

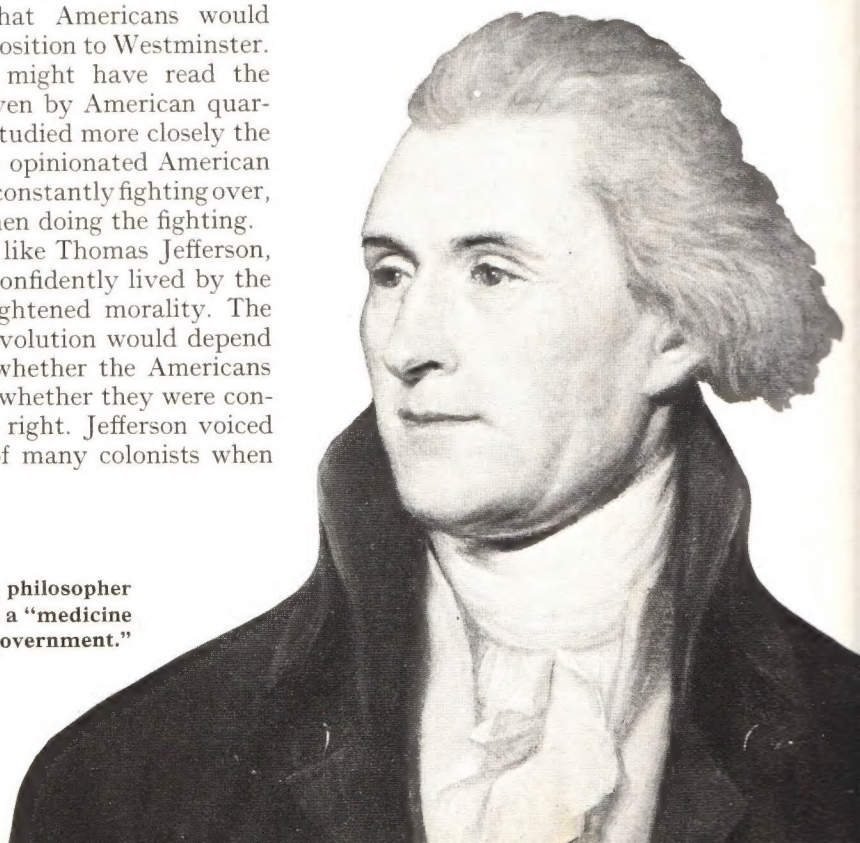
Should they object, there was no reason to expect united opposition. Each colony was jealous of its territory and authority. Squabbles – even near warfare – between neighbouring colonies was a commonplace. Southerners were suspicious of New Englanders. Western frontiersmen bitterly resented the political domination of seaboard cities. Class and religious differences were often settled by violence.

British leaders, then, could be excused for presuming that Americans would never unite in opposition to Westminster. Still, wiser men might have read the danger signals given by American quarrels, might have studied more closely the ideas these wildly opinionated American Englishmen were constantly fighting over, and the kind of men doing the fighting.

Many of them, like Thomas Jefferson, consciously and confidently lived by the tenets of an enlightened morality. The success of the Revolution would depend not so much on whether the Americans were right, as on whether they were convinced they were right. Jefferson voiced the convictions of many colonists when he wrote to George III: "The great principles of right and wrong are legible to every reader; to pursue them requires not the aid of many counsellors."

Most well-educated Americans – again like Jefferson – had studied the works of John Locke, the English political philosopher who had provided scholarly justification for Parliament's revolution against King James II in 1688 in his *Two Treatises of Government*. Americans used Locke's ideas to justify their own rebellion – not simply against the King, but against Parliament. Locke wrote that people should not be taxed without their consent, meaning Parliament's consent, for he argued that the Crown possessed only certain specific powers, all others being reserved to the people through their representatives in Parliament. Americans took Locke's words to mean that the colonists had natural rights which Parliament could not violate. This was the basis of the American conviction that Parliament could not tax them without their consent. When Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence to justify the Revolution, most of his phrases echoed the thoughts of Locke.

Not all the rebels were philosophers. Some who served from less than idealistic motives served the Revolution nonetheless. Patrick Henry, who is remembered by Americans for the speech at the outset of the Revolution in which he demanded either "Liberty or Death," was asking for something else as well – fame. He was an ambitious and vainglorious man, as much



Thomas Jefferson, the greatest philosopher in the colonies, said rebellion was a "medicine necessary for the sound health of government."

noted as a dancer and fiddler as for his professional qualifications; he was admitted to the bar after reading law for only six weeks.

Three years later, in 1763, the young lawyer was attacking the King in terms that were to make his name almost synonymous with the colonists' grievances against the Crown.

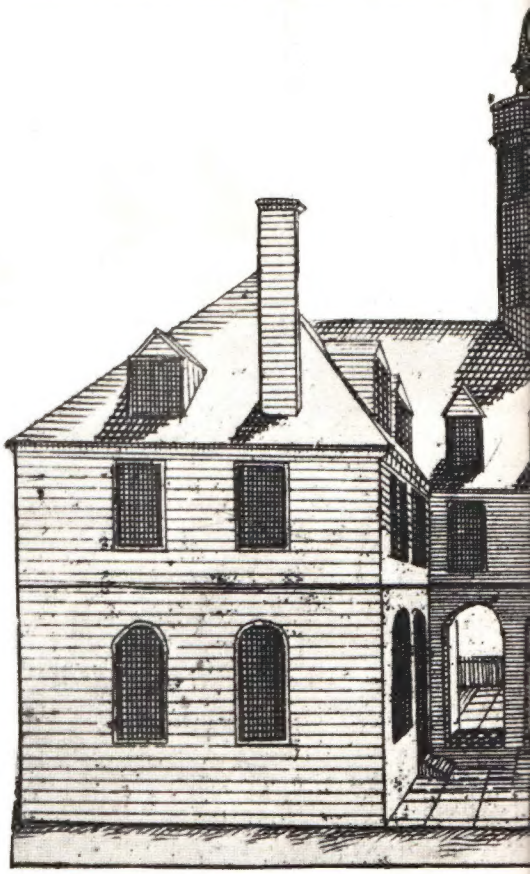
The Virginia legislature had imposed a discriminatory tax on Anglican clergymen. They fought back, taking their case up to the Privy Council in London, which disallowed the act. Heartened by this victory, the Rev. James Maury thereupon brought suit to recover losses he had suffered. Although Mr. Maury had good reasons – both moral and pecuniary – to believe that justice was on his side, he failed to take into account the fiery oratory of Patrick Henry, counsel for the defence. In disallowing the tax, cried Henry, the King had "from being the Father of his people, degenerated into a Tyrant." This was strong language indeed, and pleasing to the jury, which contemptuously awarded the plaintiff just one penny damages instead of the £288 Mr. Maury had asked for.

Breaking from the cheering, back-slapping crowd outside the courthouse, Patrick Henry pulled the Rev. Mr. Maury aside and explained he was sorry to have spoken harshly of him, but he just wanted to make himself popular.

How some of the rebel leaders remain on their American schoolroom pedestals is a mystery. Consider that folksy, brilliant and ruthless politician, Sam Adams of Boston. He invented the concept of the "smoke-filled room," a gathering of party bosses to pick candidates in an atmosphere of rum and tobacco. (American politicians still call such a get-together a "caucus," an Indian word taken over by Sam Adams to describe his powerful little revolutionary clique.)

But Sam Adams was not merely a political boss parcelling out patronage and power. Long before the Revolution, Adams was fighting a fierce struggle on behalf of the working people of Boston against the conservative Massachusetts establishment and, incidentally, developing techniques he later would apply successfully against British authority. Sam Adams's trained mob, which he could launch into storm-trooper action on a few hours' notice, was the terror of Boston's Tories. Given the word, a crowd of Sam's bully-boys could physically block opposition representatives from reaching the legislature; once shouting "Let it burn! Let it burn!" they kept fire fighters from saving an unpopular Tory's blazing house. As a journalist, Sam was a propagandist of bigotry, using the Boston *Gazette* to whip up hatred for "Papists" – by his definition not necessarily Catholics, just anyone who opposed him.

And yet Sam was loved by many. His pride in his poverty endeared him to the townspeople of Boston. They forgave him a £7,000 shortage in his books as tax collector and elected him to another term.



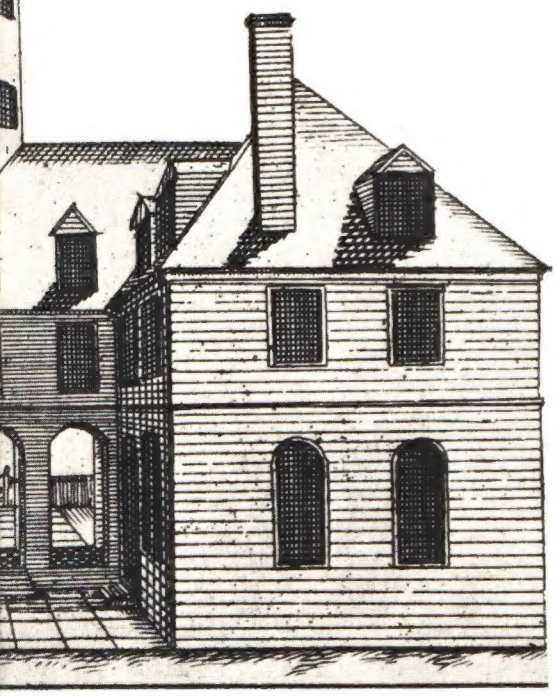
George Grenville (left) was a budget-minded Prime Minister who believed his new stamps (above) would bolster Britain's sagging treasury. But because of fierce opposition from the colonies, the tax did not even pay for the cost of its own collection.

Patrick Henry of Virginia coined phrases that sparked rebellion. "Taxation without representation is tyranny" was his protest against the Stamp Act. Even more provocative was: "Give me liberty or give me death."

His arch-enemy, Governor Thomas Hutchinson described the glib ethics which Sam used to justify his roughshod treatment of opponents' rights: "In political matters the Publick good is above all other considerations and every rule of morality when in competition with it may well be dispensed with." The Governor knew only too well how ruthlessly Adams followed this rule: Sam destroyed Hutchinson's career by publishing his private correspondence, which had been purloined by another early American paragon of virtue, Benjamin Franklin. Hutchinson's letters were not all that incriminating, but Sam inserted some remarks of his own and somehow neglected to distinguish his words from those of the Governor's.

It was men like these – idealists, demagogues, and in-fighters – who lay in wait for unwary British leaders who would dare to trespass on what the colonists considered to be their rights as Englishmen. Among the first to put his foot over the line set by the colonists was Prime Minister George Grenville.

From the House of Burgesses meeting in this building, the Virginia Capitol at Williamsburg, came the first clear call for colonial defiance of the Stamp Act.



Lately, Crown officers had been trying to suppress the £700,000-a-year smuggling trade which had thrived during the decades of peace. The Americans were already angry about their activities when in 1763 Grenville took an interest in their cherished rum.

He was concerned not with colonial drinking habits, but colonial trade, of which rum was the lifeblood. New England "floated in a sea of rum" distilled from West Indian molasses. Rum was shipped to Africa where it was exchanged for slaves, who were then transported to the West Indies and traded for more molasses to make more rum. This "Triangular Trade" was the basis of many an American fortune.

It also happened to be illegal. Thirty years earlier, to help the British sugar islands in the Caribbean sell their more expensive molasses, the government had put a tax on imports of the syrup from French-held islands. Americans responded by smuggling on such a scale that the British soon gave up trying to collect the duty.

The colonists did not mind, of course, when Grenville proposed in 1764 to reduce the tax on foreign molasses from sixpence to threepence a gallon, but they howled when they discovered the government – such cheek! – actually planned to enforce the levy. The Sugar Act was accompanied by a drive on smuggling. Americans felt that Parliament was unfairly sacrificing them to the interests of the British West Indians, their long-time rivals in the imperial family.

The Sugar Act bore down on a colonial economy already slumping as the wartime boom came to an end. By 1765, two years after the peace treaty with France, unshipped timber lay rotting on wharves. Property values in Rhode Island had dropped by half in two years. "Never," wrote a New Yorker, "was there a time of more general distress and calamity."

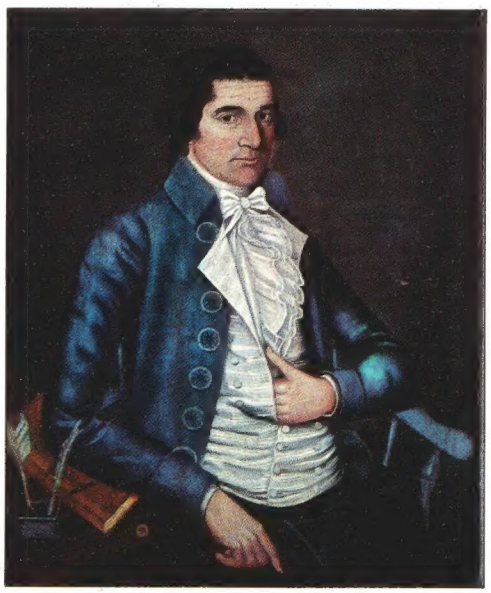
At this hardly propitious moment, Parliament approved a law, the Stamp Act, that seemed expressly designed to irritate the most influential colonists. This statute required that tax-stamps be affixed to commercial contracts, newspapers, legal documents, university degrees and – foolishly – tavern licences

A FLOURISHING NEW COUNTRY

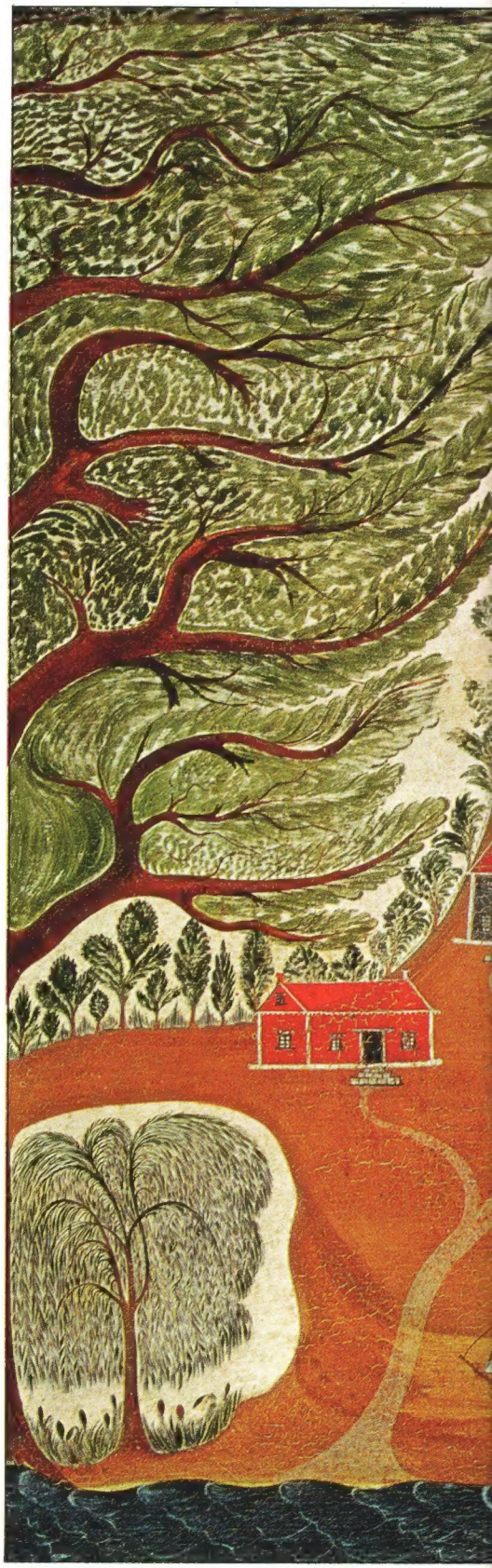
"You cannot well imagine," wrote a colonist, "what a land of health, plenty and contentment this is." Nowhere was America's "flourishing condition" more apparent than in the South, where gentlemen filled their great houses with costly luxuries, enjoyed a "Profusion of Wines and Liquors," and doted on the latest styles. Even George Washington's dentist wore a velvet suit.

With vast holdings to manage – Robert "King" Carter of Virginia had 300,000 acres and 1,000 slaves – plantation owners were working capitalists, not a leisure class. But when they complained about higher taxes it is little wonder that Englishmen retorted: what about "your Plate and China, and Jewels; your Coaches and . . . ; your sumptuous Furniture, Prints and Pictures?"

Ladies ordered dolls dressed in the latest modes from London to keep up with fashion and spent lavishly on imported fabrics.



English travellers thought colonial men – in ruffled silk shirts, embroidered coats, and gold-buckled pumps – were overdressed.



Colonial sportsmen rode to hounds as avidly as English squires. They imported from England stallions for breeding, and owning a racing stable carried great prestige.

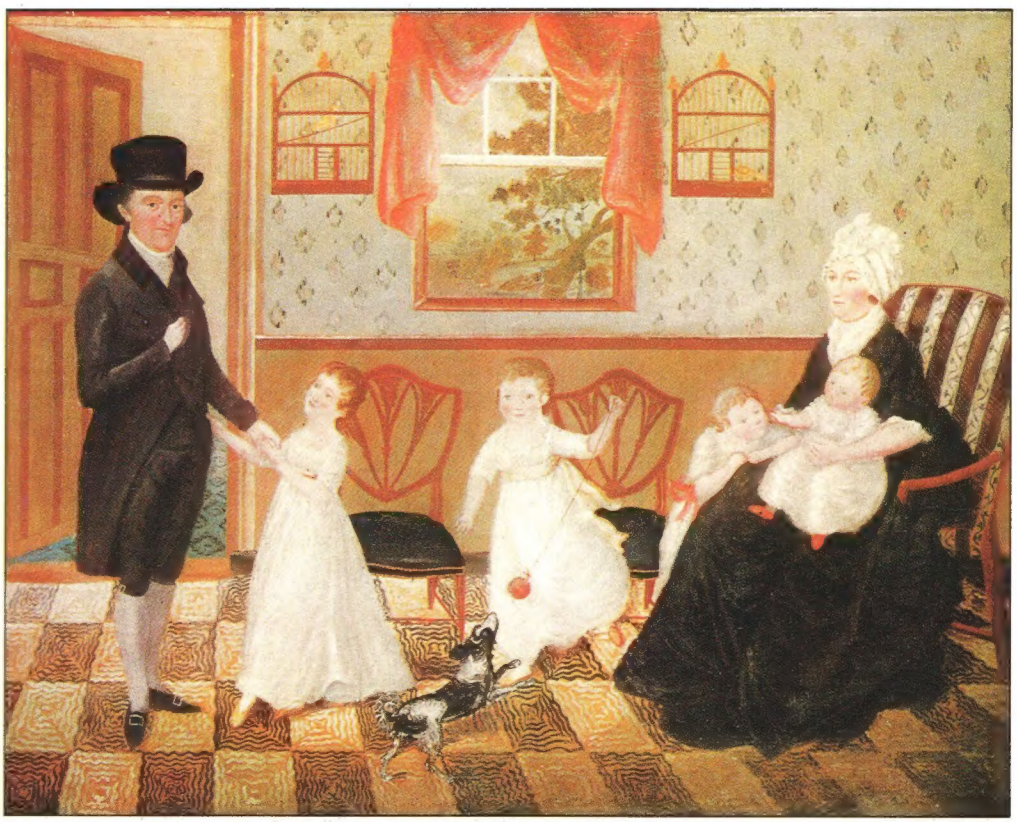
A southern plantation like this existed "in a Kind of Independence of every one but Providence." It grew its own food, had its own mill (lower right), shipped tobacco from its own wharves (bottom), and kept its own labour force – slaves – in cabins below the big house.

A Blossoming of Urban Life

Colonial cities, too, were flourishing. The larger ones – Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Charleston – were ports thriving on brisk trade, but colonists also became manufacturers. By the early 1700s, Philadelphia boasted three steel furnaces, 14 rum distilleries, a glass-works, and a builder of fire engines.

Urban Americans enjoyed theatres, concerts and an abundance of taverns. Like plantation owners, they adhered to English trends. The most sought-after guest was the traveller from London whose command of the latest phrases, such as "Split me, Madam; By Gad, Dam me," was quickly imitated by his provincial hosts in an effort to appear worldly.

The colonies differed from Britain in social mobility: a man had a considerably better chance of rising above his birth. In 1776 half the property in Philadelphia belonged to "men whose fathers or grandfathers wore leather aprons." The self-made élite was not necessarily more democratic; in that city only one in 50 adult males had the vote. As Nathaniel Ames, pioneer maker of popular almanacks, said of America in one of his rhymed proverbs: "All Men are by Nature equal, But differ greatly in the sequel."



Colonial families were prolific. "Whenever one meets a woman," wrote an astonished traveller, "she is either pregnant, or carries a child in her arms, or leads one by the hand."

This riverside village of 100 people, 25 houses, two inns, and a church is Baltimore in 1752. At the time of the Revolution, 23 years later, it had 7,000 inhabitants.

William Penn's "greene countrie town," Philadelphia, was by 1775 America's biggest city. Its 40,000 people made it larger than any English city other than London.

Boston, second in size, was the most cosmopolitan colonial city, where "maids exceed their mistresses in dress," and, growled the Governor, every second house was a tavern.

A farmer in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, proudly assembles his stock and workers in the mellow light of an Indian-summer afternoon for a painting to commemorate his winning an agricultural prize.

This portrait of a farmer's wife was commissioned by her newly-rich husband.

A Harvest of Pride from the Soil

Nineteen out of 20 Americans were farmers. Most favoured were those in the fertile river valleys of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania – the richly endowed "bread colonies."

Land was plentiful and easy to acquire. If authorities tried to prevent its being settled, newcomers took little notice. "It was against the laws of God and nature," said some Pennsylvania squatters, "that so much land should be idle while so many Christians wanted it to labour on and to raise their bread."

Ambitious and industrious immigrants transformed their wild country into orderly farms and themselves from European peasants into prosperous American freeholders. They took pride in the products of their soil – of grain, vegetables and fruit – and in their livestock, the cattle, horses, pigs and sheep for which demand was rising. "Those who labour in the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people," said Thomas Jefferson. The pride which grew on the farms of America would be of great importance to the colonies in their developing struggle with Great Britain.

II. To the Brink of War

It looked for a while as if Parliament would have its way, but then that popularity-seeking lawyer down in Virginia made another speech. The coals over which Patrick Henry raked King and Parliament were so hot that the speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses accused him of uttering treason. Henry apologized, pulled some notes for proposed resolutions from his pocket, and spoke more treason.

One resolution declared Virginians could be taxed only by their own assembly, and, furthermore, that anyone who said otherwise "shall be deemed an enemy of His Majesty's colony" – heady stuff, since that would most certainly include the King. The assembly approved some of his proposals, although not the wildest ones. As news of these Virginia Resolves swept through the colonies, groups calling themselves "Sons of Liberty" arose to challenge the Stamp Act.

Their prime targets were the men in charge of the stamps. When the Boston Stamp Master's effigy appeared on a tree one morning, a passer-by asked Sam Adams who it was meant to be. Sam replied innocently that "he did not know – he could not tell – he wanted to enquire." That night a mob smashed through the Stamp Master's house. The Governor sent for his drummers to beat the alarm, but word came back that it could not be done; the patriotic drummers had joined the mob.

Colonel Mercer, newly appointed Virginia Stamp Master, arrived in Williamsburg from London to find himself hanging in effigy and his own father writing articles condemning the act. He looked at the angry crowd in the streets, and resigned. He slipped aboard the first boat back to England.

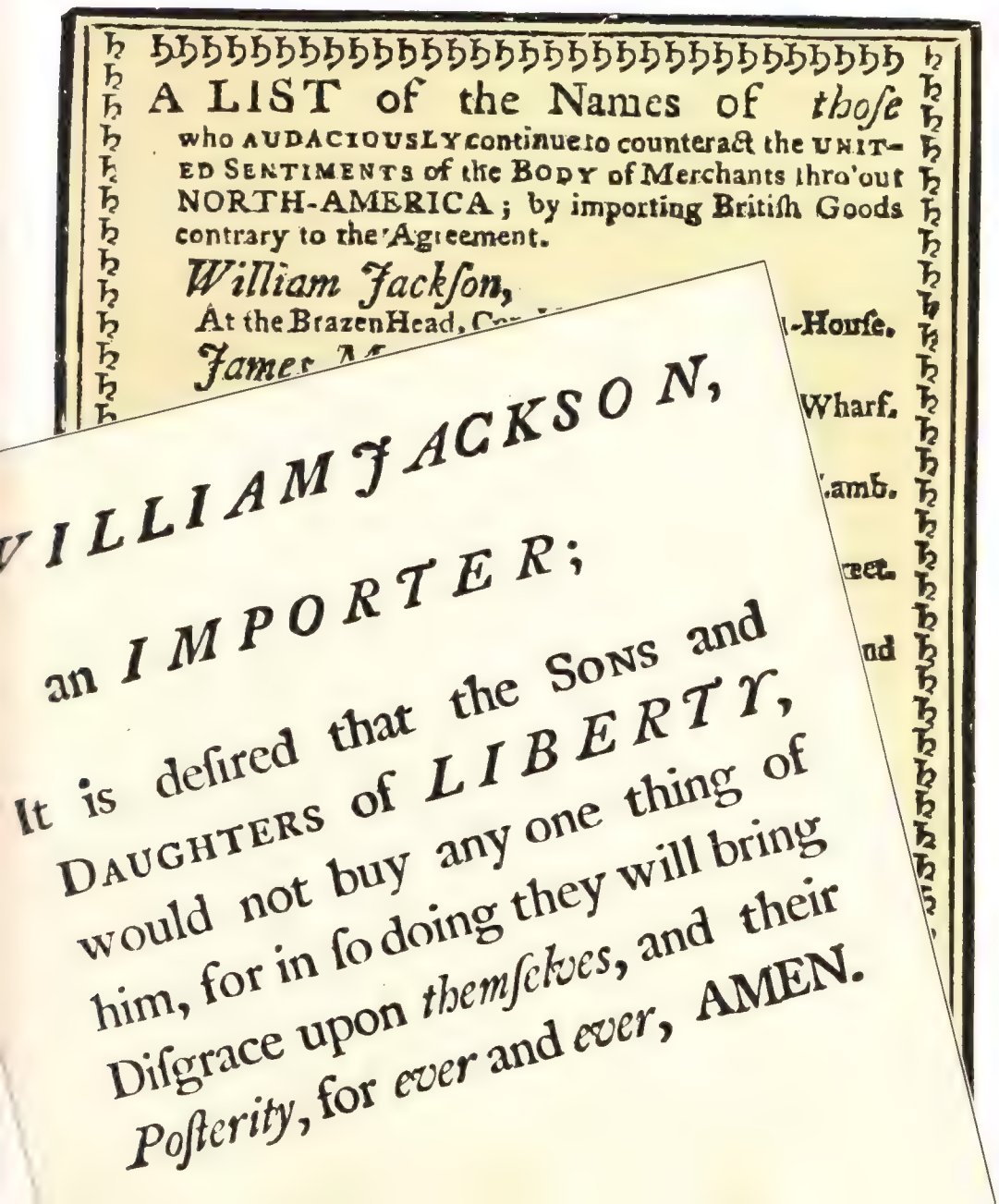
He was not the only Stamp Master to suddenly yearn for travel. Zachariah Hood of Maryland would not resign the £300-a-year job, but when a mob pulled down his store he prudently departed for New York, riding so hard he killed his horse on the road. New York's Sons of Liberty found him hiding in Flushing and offered him a choice: resign or be forcibly returned to Maryland. He quit.

The stamps were soon as popular as smallpox. The Governor of Maryland ordered the ship delivering them to get back to sea, the sooner the better. In South Carolina they were placed in Fort Johnson for safekeeping, whereupon the Sons of Liberty stormed the fort. The 14 British soldiers on duty surrendered stamps and fort without a fight.

It was apparent that resistance extended right through the colonial social structure. Boston merchants formed their own mob and joined forces with Sam Adams's regulars – sailors, negroes and layabouts from the dock neighbourhood. In Charleston, South Carolina, merchants and planters roamed the streets in slouch hats and borrowed sailors' clothes, soot smeared on their faces. The Philadelphia mob was commanded by William Allen, son of Pennsylvania's Chief Justice. Nor did colonial women shirk their duty. "Daughters of Liberty" announced that henceforth they would entertain only anti-stamp suitors.

For the British, the act's most disastrous effect was the unity it imposed on the colonies. Most sent delegates to a Stamp Act Congress which met in New York in October, 1765. They overcame their differences long enough to petition for repeal and agree on a boycott of British goods. As cancellations of orders flooded London offices, British merchants lost their enthusiasm for George Grenville.

The King was already tired of the Prime Minister's penny-pinching especially since Grenville had tried to extend his economies to the Royal budget. George seized on the opportunity to install the Marquis of Rockingham in Grenville's place. Rockingham knew the Stamp Act had to go, but King and populace alike were in a dudgeon about "American insolence." The merchants, more worried about business than national pride, helped Rockingham, circulating rumours that an army of Englishmen, thrown out of work by the boycott, would



With placards like these, Boston Patriots aroused hostility against those merchants who continued to trade with Great Britain.

In this cartoon, George Grenville carries the newly repealed Stamp Act to a tomb where other laws unpopular in America already lie buried.

march on Parliament. The King reluctantly yielded. The act was repealed.

Americans lit bonfires and danced in the streets to celebrate their "glorious victory over England," ignoring the Declaratory Act, coupled to repeal, which clearly asserted that the colonies were subject to Parliament's rule in "all cases whatsoever." The Patriots, as the radicals were calling themselves, were convinced that their united resistance had defeated Parliament and could do so again.

Trade resumed, and a year later the colonists were delighted when the King replaced Rockingham with William Pitt, who had said he would never try to tax them. Unfortunately, Pitt soon fell victim to gout, and day-to-day control of the country fell into the hands of his Chancellor, the Hon. Charles Townshend. "Champagne Charlie's" wit made him the darling of tavern and drawing-room, and it was said he could deliver brilliant speeches even while he was drunk.

In England debts mounted. Disgruntled squires grew more and more incensed that the colonies had not paid "a single shilling" in taxes and, under Pitt's policy, would not. Townshend, who was reputed to change his political ideas as often as his waistcoats, saw an opportunity. One day in early 1767 he rose in the House and airily declared he had a secret plan for getting money out of the Americans without making them angry.

His wondrous scheme, when finally revealed, was nothing other than new duties on various colonial imports, among them tea, paint, glass, and lead. This, he argued, was *external* taxation, but he had it on good authority that the colonies only resented *internal* taxation.

Townshend should have sought better advice. As if the new taxes were not enough to cause trouble, Townshend presented another measure certain to rekindle the constitutional crisis. Americans were obliged by the Mutiny Act of 1765 to provide quarters and supplies for British troops when asked. New York was refusing to do so, and Townshend's act had a provision that would suspend the New York assembly until it complied.

New York soon acquiesced and paid for the troops' supplies, but the damage was done. Up and down the colonies Liberty Boys took to the streets, talking once again of "wading thro' seas of blood" to defend their English rights. In Massachusetts, Sam Adams drafted a protest, not as strong as he would have liked, but, as he put it, "whereas a few of us lead the way . . . we can go no further than we are backed up."

Despite his restraint the protest went too far for Massachusetts legislators, who defeated it. Sam merely waited for most of the conservatives to go home and submitted it again, at which time it was approved. No man for half measures, he then pushed through another motion that erased the earlier defeat from the record.

John Hancock, whose "brains were shallow and pockets deep," was the richest man in New England. He financed Boston's radicals.

His Massachusetts Circular Letter acknowledged Parliamentary sovereignty, but it insisted that all powers of taxation belonged exclusively to the colonial assemblies. This radical idea was not cordially received by all the colonies, but Lord Hillsborough, British Colonial Secretary, saved the day for Sam. Hillsborough was assigned by the Cabinet to answer the Circular Letter in "kind and lenient" terms. He somehow overlooked the adjectives, telling the colonial assemblies to treat the Circular Letter with "the contempt it deserves," and threatening dissolution for any legislature that dared to approve it.

Here was precisely the spur that the radicals needed. A staid Virginian named George Washington, trembling with rage, read Hillsborough's words and declared himself ready to take up arms in defence of America. Colonial assemblies fell over themselves in their rush to endorse the Massachusetts Letter.

Most of the colonies soon subscribed to a Non-Importation Agreement. Ladies were urged to give up their imported finery to avoid paying Townshend's "external" taxes, the Patriot press assuring them that "their husbands liked them full as well or better in a Cotton Smock as in a Holland one." On graduation day Princeton and Harvard men demonstrated by appearing at the ceremony in drab, homespun clothing rather than in the finery usual for such occasions. During 1769, Boston reduced its British imports by half, while New York's fell from £428,000 to £74,000.

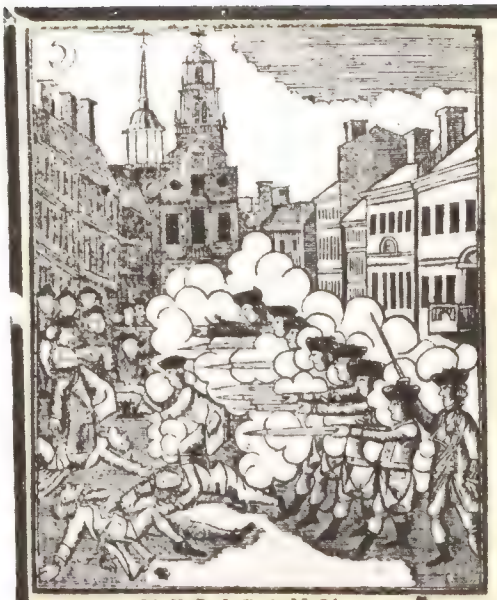
Discontent reached its highest point in Boston. John Hancock, the wealthiest merchant in the town, who was later to become President of the rebels' government, the Continental Congress, followed the general practice of smuggling to avoid taxes. When customs agents demanded to see the cargo of his ship, the *Liberty*, he and his crew locked them in a cabin, landed the contraband, and then threw His Majesty's agents overboard. To restore order after the *Liberty* riot, the British sent four regiments to occupy Boston. Adams hoped their presence would lead to further trouble.

By early 1770, relations between troops and citizens could not have been worse – or, from the radicals' viewpoint, better. The Redcoats, or Lobsterbacks, were being beaten up on the streets by night and haled into court by day, often on trumped-up charges of rape, assault, or theft. "Never," wrote a British officer, "was popular insolence at such a pitch."

On March 5, 1770, the incident Sam Adams hoped for took place. A mob was making desultory trouble before the Customs House. A British officer, Captain Preston, drew his men up before the building and tried to talk to the rioters, but could not make himself heard. "Fire if you dare, God damn you," the Bostonians shouted. "Fire and be damned. We know you dare not." They advanced to the line of bayonets and began striking the rifles aside. Someone knocked a British soldier to the ground. The Boston Massacre, tragic both for the colonists and the mother country, was under way.

Some witnesses later testified that at this point they heard a command to "Fire!" Preston vehemently denied that he gave this order. Whether they were responding to an instruction or to panic, the soldiers suddenly emptied their guns into the mob. When the smoke cleared, five citizens of Boston lay dead or dying.

Boston's Patriot press tried to portray the Massacre as a planned British Army



AMERICANS!
BEAR IN REMEMBRANCE
The HORRID MASSACRE!
Perpetrated in King-ſtreet, BOSTON, New-England,
On the Evening of March the Fifth, 1770.
When FIVE of your fellow countrymen,
GRAY, MAVERICK, CALDWELL, ATTUCKS, and CARR,
Lay wallowing in their Gore!
Being *baſely*, and moſt *inhumanly*
MURDERED!
And SIX others badly WOUNDED!
By a Party of the XXIXth Regiment,
Under the command of Capt. Tho. Preſton.
REMEMBER!
That Two of the MURDERERS
Were convicted of MANSLAUGHTER!
By a Jury, of whom I ſhall ſay
NOTHING,
Branded in the hand!
And *diſmiſſed*,
The others were ACQUITTED,
And their Captain PENSIONED!
Alſo,
BEAR IN REMEMBRANCE
That on the 22d Day of February, 1770.
The infamous
EBENEZER RICHARDSON, Informer,
And tool to Miniſterial hirelings,
Moſt *barbarouſly*
MURDERED
CHRISTOPHER SEIDER,
An innocent youth!
Of which crime he was found guilty
By his Country
On Friday April 20th, 1770;
But remained *Unſentenced*
On Saturday the 22d Day of February, 1772.
When the GRAND INQUEST
For Suffolk county,
Were informed, at requeſt,
By the Judges of the Superior Court,
That EBENEZER RICHARDSON's *Caſe*
Then lay before his MAJESTY.
Therefore ſaid *Richardſon*
This day, MARCH FIFTH! 1772,
Remains UNHANGED!!!
Let THESE things be told to Poſterity!
And handed down
From Generation to Generation,
'Till Time ſhall be no more!
Forever may AMERICA be preſerved,
From weak and wicked monarchs,
Tyrannical Miniſters,
Abandoned Governors,
Their Underlings and Hirelings!
And may the
Machinations of artful, *deſigning* wretches,
Who would ENSLAVE THIS People,
Come to an end,
Let their NAMES and MEMORIES
Be buried in eternal oblivion,
And the PRESS,
For a *SCOURGE* to Tyrannical Rulers,
Remain FREE.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

ON THE

Fifth of March.

Together with a few LINES

On the Enlargement of

NEZER RICHARDSON,

Convicted of MURDER.

ny drowſy Thoughts ! Awake my muſe!
O earth, and tremble at the news !
nd defiance to the laws of God,
Guilty murd'rer walks abroad.
urns, (the cry comes from the ground,)
d juſtice never can be found :
vengeance, fall thou on the race
hinder juſtice from its place.
ER ! RICHARDSON ! with their lateſt breath
urſe you when you ſleep in death !
s ſure will ſhake your ſoul
ur head the awful thunders roll.
nide you, always will the cry
Murder ! haunt you 'till you die !
ave ! with trembling joints repair,
IDER'S corps lies mould'ring there ;
tear, and think what you have done !
ow you can live beneath the Sun.
ay arrive ! You laws defy,
laws will ſtand when KINGS ſhall die.
ed man ! the monſter of the times,
hung " by reaſon of *old* Lines,"
wn by, 'twas then we were in hopes,
ld ſoon be hung with *new made* Ropes ;
pes nor Lines, will ſatisfiy
blood ! But GOD is ever nigh,
ils will not unpuniſh'd go
xcus'd by judges here below !
g'd but curſed is your fate
s eas'd you from the priſon gate
of *Tories*, *it* has borne you o'er
ong may meet with HELL's dark ſhore.

action. Despite the inflammatory propaganda, the accused soldiers got a fair trial, immensely aided by the determined efforts of their attorneys, John Adams, cousin of the more radical Sam, and Josiah Quincy. Their stern sense of duty impressed the jury sufficiently to secure the acquittal of Captain Preston and six of his men; two other soldiers were found guilty of manslaughter.

To most reasonable men the trial actually showed the Patriots were to blame. No less than 38 witnesses testified there had been a carefully laid plot for a civilian attack on the troops. The conservative majority of Americans felt it "high time to put a stop to mobbing."

Almost at the same time, Lord North's ministry repealed all the Townshend duties except the tax on tea. The Non-Importation Agreement began to crumple, and then collapsed entirely.

Rebellion's flame flickered, guttered, and appeared to die. Correspondence between revolutionary societies fell off as business improved and land rose in value. So calm was the trans-Atlantic relationship that for two years the American colonies were not mentioned once in Parliamentary debate. But if Parliament thought the colonists had dropped their opposition to British authority, it was rudely disabused of that impression in March, 1772, when an angry group of Americans took on the Royal Navy itself.

A young lieutenant, William Dudingston, was making a nuisance of himself to smugglers off Rhode Island, so the locals were not exactly displeased when his ship, the *Gaspee*, went aground near Providence for they knew he could not refloat it until high tide at midnight.

That evening, hearing the splash of oars, Dudingston perched himself on the starboard gunwhale and shouted, "Who goes there?"

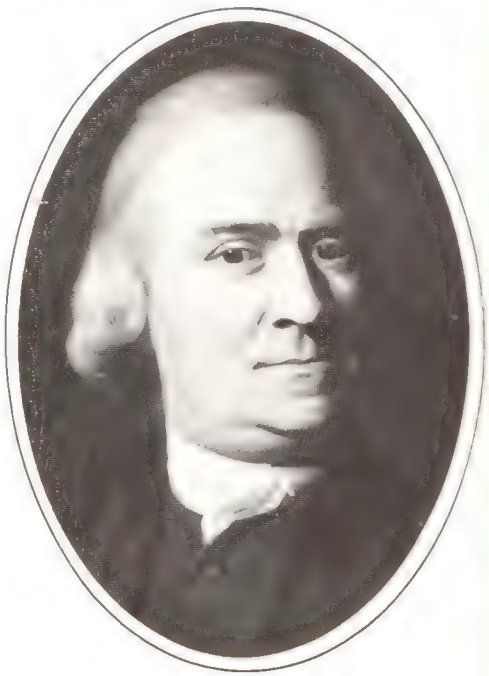
"I am the sheriff of the County of Kent, God damn you," came a voice from the darkness. "I have got a warrant to apprehend you, God damn you. So surrender, God damn you." Dudingston refused; shots were fired; and he fell from his perch, bullets in arm and groin. "Good God," he cried, "I am done for." He was not – he lived and was promoted to captain for his pains – but the Americans threatened to finish him off unless he begged for his life. He did, after which they set him off in a small boat and proceeded to burn the *Gaspee*.

Afterwards, no one could identify the culprits when questioned by the commission appointed to find the attackers. The failure to bring anyone to account for the *Gaspee* incident probably provided direct encouragement for what Bostonians did to 340 chests of British tea the following year.

The colonists were mad for tea, drinking about two million cups a day. To avoid Townshend's tea duty, which Lord North had retained, Americans drank smuggled Dutch tea. Their refusal to touch the taxed tea shipped by Britain's East India Company was contributing to that concern's already disastrous financial problems. Trying to rescue the company, the government gave it permission to ship tea directly to America, eliminating the English middleman. This cut its price in the colonies from 20 shillings to 10 shillings a pound, making it cheaper than the smuggled Dutch tea.

Not all Americans were delighted about the new bargain. Radicals feared that less committed colonists might trade free-

Sam Adams wanted American independence, but cannily warned his friends to "wait till the fruit is ripe before we gather it."



This 1770 handbill, with Paul Revere's inaccurate but sensational engraving of the Boston Massacre, helped preserve bitter memories.

dom from British taxation for a cup of low-priced tea.

Tea became the central political issue of the day. Patriot propaganda warned Americans that drinking it would not only destroy their liberty, but shorten their lives and make them "weak and effeminate." Anti-tea vigilantes set to work. One hapless tea-addict, when caught in possession of a large supply in Bedford, Massachusetts, was told to surrender it or be handed over to the female Patriots for punishment. Eyeing the formidable ladies, he gave up the tea, receiving "three cheers from the Sons and a glass of American wine from the Daughters of Liberty."

In the autumn of 1773, a flotilla of seven ships loaded with this politically explosive beverage were on the high seas, heading for American ports. Some merchants to whom it was consigned decided they could do without the business after all and cancelled their orders before the tea was landed. Elsewhere it was locked away by customs men to await calmer days. In Boston, as usual, the issue was settled in a way that infuriated the British but gave Sam Adams pleasure.

Three vessels carrying 90,000 pounds of East India tea arrived there in late November, 1773. Sam Adams's crowd demanded they put back to sea, and, after much harassment, the shipowners agreed to comply. But Governor Hutchinson refused to let them go until the tea duty was paid. The law, he said, made the tea liable to tax once it entered the harbour, whether it was brought ashore or not. He insisted the Patriots themselves were to blame for the impasse, as he had wanted the ships to remain outside the harbour while the matter was settled and Adams's own committee had coerced their masters into bringing in their ships.

The Patriots knew that if the duty were not paid within 20 days – by December 17 – customs men would seize the cargoes. They feared that once it had been confiscated, the tea would be slipped out of customs warehouses and sold in the colony.

On December 16, 5,000 Bostonians gathered at the Old South meeting house and learned of the Governor's final refusal to let the ships go. What more, Sam Adams asked from the podium, could they possibly do? An Indian war-whoop answered him from the gallery and a crowd of men wearing blankets, faces blacked with soot, suddenly appeared at the back of the hall. Amid cheering and shouts of "The Mohawks are come!" the meeting adjourned to the wharf where the troublesome tea ships lay.

Some highly placed citizens, unable to resist the sport, were in the raiding party. George Hewes, a participant, later said that John Hancock helped him throw over a chest. He recognized Hancock by his fancy shirt ruffles beneath his blanket and exchanged the password with him: "Ugh. Me know you."

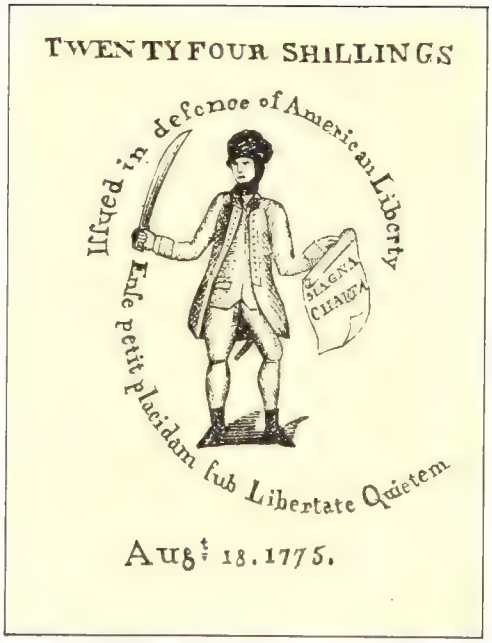
The sailors on the vessels helped the "Indians" heave more than £10,000 worth of tea into the harbour. British warships near by made no attempt to interfere, and while British officers ashore could discern what was happening, the crowd on the wharf kept them from seeing enough to identify the men involved. Other tea parties followed. In Greenwich, New Jersey, an East India cargo was burned, and in Annapolis, Maryland, "Indians" burned the ship and the tea.

Here was a challenge the British could not ignore. "We must master them," said George III, "or totally leave them to themselves and treat them as aliens." Some Englishmen called for an attack on Boston. Lord North preferred to starve the rebels out. In 1774 Parliament approved his Boston Port Bill, which ordered the city closed to all shipping until it paid for the drowned tea.

Boston's radicals wanted to reply with another trade embargo. To forestall this move, conservative New Yorkers suggested instead an intercolonial congress and the other boycott-weary colonies agreed. Royal Governors, of course, did not want their assemblies participating in a congress any more than in an embargo. In Massachusetts, the Governor sent his secretary to dissolve the colony's House of Representatives before it could approve the proposal. The man pounded on the locked door, demanding admittance, but it seemed the key had been mislaid. The measure was passed before Sam Adams at last found the key – in his pocket.

Most Americans still were, if not out right Tories, conservative enough to be alarmed by the radicalism emanating from Boston. The congress was shaping up as a struggle between these moderates and the Patriots, and odds were on the moderates to win. Again, the King's ministers assisted the radical cause.

Parliament was not yet finished with Massachusetts. Three "Coercive Acts" were passed to impose tighter control on the colony's affairs and on its citizens.



Paper money like this appeared even before Independence. It soon became so worthless that some notes were used for wallpaper.

Massachusetts Governor Thomas Hutchinson thought the Stamp Act unwise but he enforced it; Patriots forced him to flee to England.

These measures, together with the Boston Port Bill, were stigmatized by Patriots as the Intolerable Acts, and so incensed the Bay Colony that British control outside troop-occupied Boston vanished altogether; Crown officers from the countryside flooded into the city for protection. While Americans were chewing over this development – what happened to Massachusetts colonists, after all, could happen elsewhere – there arrived from London a copy of another new measure, the Quebec Act of 1774.

For the French Canadians of Quebec, the new law was a liberal and welcome one. It restored to them their old French civil law and granted official toleration to their Catholic religion. But this enabled Patriot propagandists to win support by conjuring up visions of the Inquisition at work in Pennsylvania and of decent Protestant churches being "converted into mass houses." The act also extended the boundaries of Quebec to the Ohio River, dashing colonial dreams of expansion in that area and ruining land speculation companies in which influential Americans, among them George Washington, had invested.

News of the Quebec Act made Americans "ripe for any plan the Congress [might] advise, should it be war itself," and in this atmosphere the delegates gathered in Philadelphia on September 5, 1774. One of their contemporaries called them the "ablest and wealthiest men in America" and most of the men who met in the City of Brotherly Love fitted this description. Pitt himself called it "the most honourable Assembly of Statesmen since those of the ancient Greeks and Romans." A British officer serving in Boston at the time sensed the deep ideological roots of the Revolution; in a letter to his father he said, "The true causes of [the rebellion] are to be found in the nature of mankind; and I think it proceeds from a new nation . . . struggling to throw off that dependency which is so irksome to them." The bullyboys who took to the streets in response to Sam Adams's shrewd propaganda thrusts helped keep the pot a-boil, but the fire would have died down had it not been stoked by the resentment of men of substance who felt that their fortunes were threatened by London's latest actions.

Alerted by printed broadsides (left) Boston's "Mohawks" boarded the tea ships (below), smashing and jettisoning 342 chests. No other item of cargo was damaged. All that was missing after the "Tea Party," they boasted, was the tea and one padlock.

THE FIRST BLOWS FOR FREEDOM

Rebellious disturbances in the colonies had reached such a pitch by 1768 that the British government felt compelled to show "those Braggarts their insignificancy in the Scale of Empire." Boston, in particular, had to be subdued, even if it was necessary to reduce that proud city to a "poor smuggling Village." The Army was to be despatched to restore order and impose the will of the British Parliament in America.

But, after sending troops to show its strength, Whitehall continued to undermine its own cause by its inconsistency, "doing and undoing, menacing and submitting, straining and relaxing." The Redcoats served only as handy provocation for colonial agitators until, when the inevitable clash materialized, they became equally handy – and highly visible – targets for rebel marksmen.

Lord North, recalling how Boston had submitted to occupation in 1768, decided to use force again in 1774. Only a few regiments, he said, would be needed to "do the business."

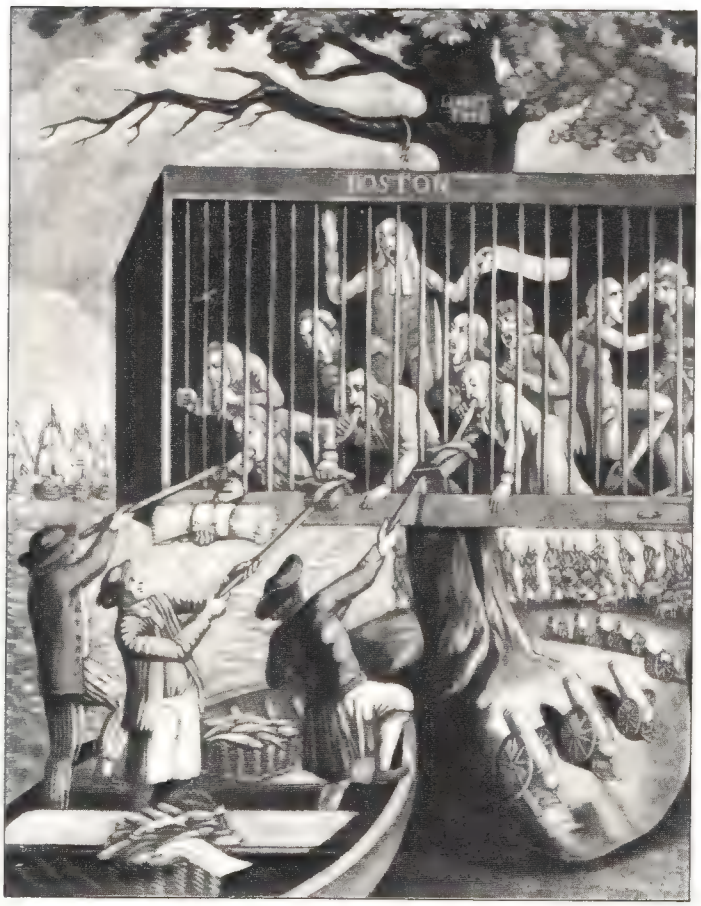
As the tireless engraver Paul Revere noted on this picture of the British landing at Boston in 1768, Royal Naval ships stood by with "cannon loaded (and) spring on their cable as for a regular siege." They had cause to; Boston's Patriots had sworn never to permit Redcoats to set foot on Massachusetts soil. But the Sons of Liberty from the surrounding countryside had no stomach for fighting an army. The city was occupied, "to rescue the government from . . . a trained mob," without a shot being fired.

A Continent in Uproar

After Parliament, in a conciliatory mood, repealed all of the infuriating Townshend imports duties in 1770 except the one on tea, the colonies seemed amenable to living in peace with England. Rebellion ebbed. But the tide turned again in 1773 with the Boston Tea Party. Once more feeling truculent, Parliament retaliated with the "Intolerable Acts" of 1774, which included closing Boston harbour.

After that, Rebellion was in full flood. Lord North, "curs'd from morn to noon, and from noon to morn" by the colonists, was out of their reach. British soldiers, tax collectors, Tory magistrates, and merchants who defied a new boycott were more accessible. The stench of tar and feathers filled the American air. "I never knew what mobbing was before," said a Massachusetts Tory. "I am sick enough of Confusion & Uproar. I long for an Asylum, some blessed Place of Refuge." Bitterness was overpowering wisdom on both sides of the Atlantic, as these contemporary drawings clearly indicate.

This 1775 English cartoon portrays American women as self-righteous creatures who sign a boycott pledge while wearing smuggled frocks, carousing, and letting a dog mind a baby.



When Lord North closed the port of Boston in 1774, an English cartoonist thought the plight of hungry colonists was funny.

A taxman is hoisted up a pole and a Tory, who tried to help him, is tied to the bottom of it in this illustration for a poem.

"The Patriotick Barber of New York," Jacob Vrendenburg, became famous for sending a half-shaven customer into the street upon learning the man was a British officer.

Shots heard round the world

Roused by a clatter of hoofbeats and a pounding on his door at midnight, a Massachusetts man asked his caller to make less noise. "Noise!" came the reply, "you'll have noise enough before long – the regulars are coming out." Thus did engraver Paul Revere spread the word: General Thomas Gage had dispatched a force of Redcoats from Boston to find arms and provisions that "Minute Men" had been storing up, and to capture "the most obnoxious" Patriot leaders.

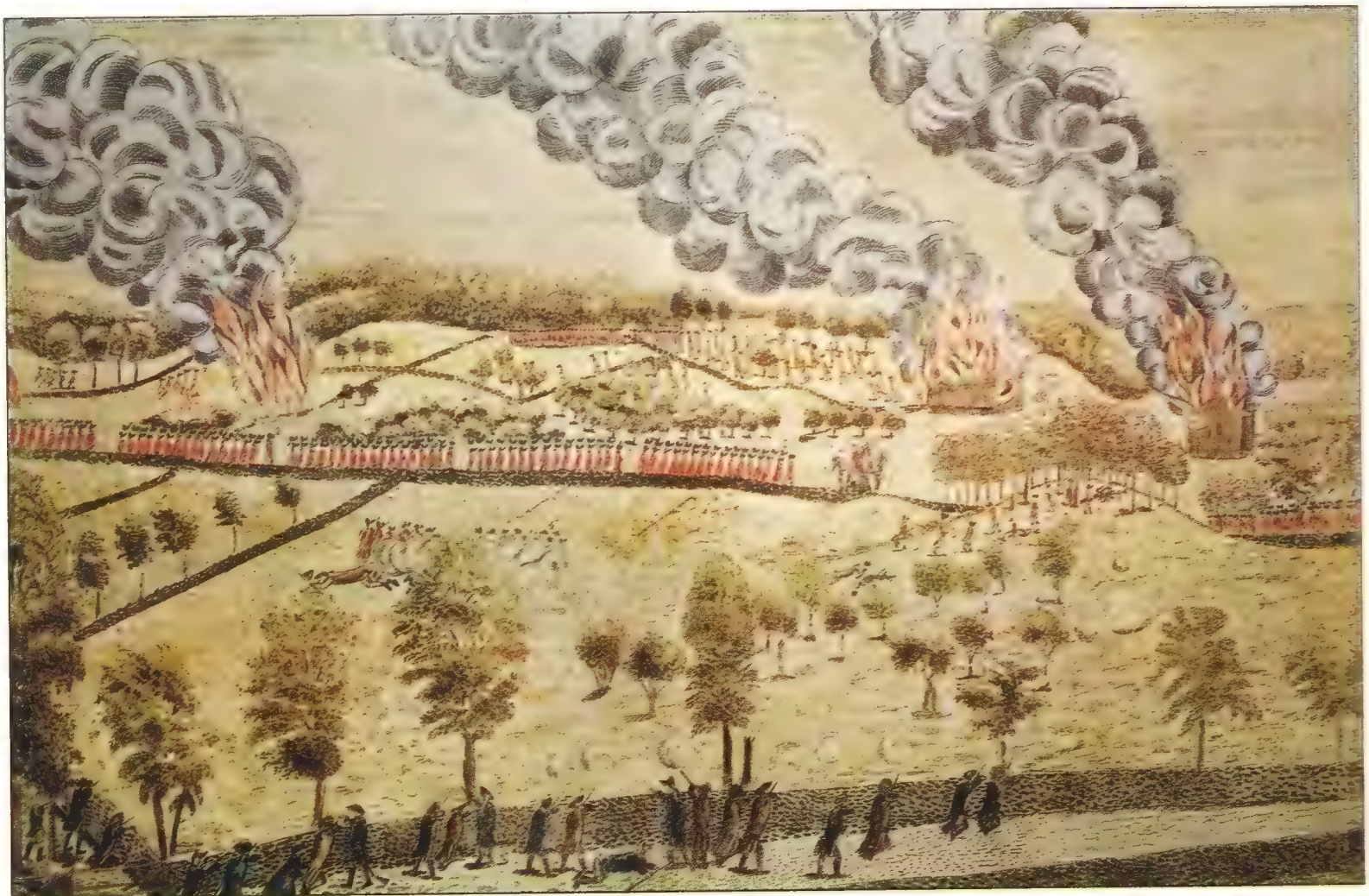
When the British reached Lexington about 4.30 a.m. on April 19, 1775, they found 60 or 70 Rebels formed up on the common. "Ye villains! Ye Rebels!" shouted British Major Pitcairn, "Disperse! Lay down your arms." Shooting began. The opening actions of the war are seen in these contemporary engravings.

One of the eight colonists killed had fought the French at Louisbourg. From now on, many others who had likewise fought for the British in Canada would be shooting at men in the uniform which they had once worn themselves.

1. At Lexington, Rebels (left) scattered before British fire while more Redcoats (upper right) marched on to Concord. Major Pitcairn (right) soon had his horse shot from beneath him.

2. Once at Concord, the British posted troops at the bridges and began destroying American stores (upper left), most of which were safely hidden in the woods. Pitcairn (with telescope) and Colonel Smith, meanwhile, kept a wary eye on Rebels ominously gathering on a nearby hill.

3. Americans (left) approaching Concord's North Bridge were unsure they were at war until the British detachment guarding it (right) began shooting. "Fire!" cried a Rebel major, "For God's sake, fire!" His men obeyed with a fervour and accuracy that forced the Redcoats to retreat.

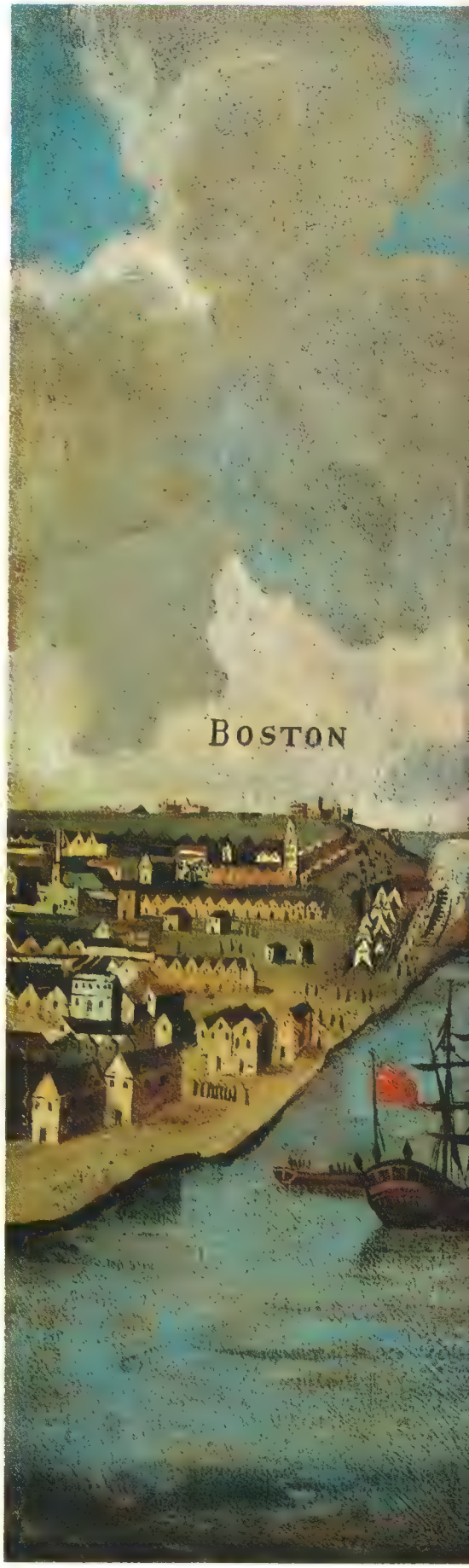


4. "Men had dropped from the clouds," said a bewildered Redcoat. Rebels, like those in the foreground here at Lexington, harried the British all the way to Boston. The British burned houses, but wasted no time. "The enemy," an American said, "marched very fast and left many dead."

The Smoke and Carnage of War

On the morning of June 17, 1775, General Gage awoke in Boston to a startling sight. On the heights of the Charlestown Peninsula, from which artillery could blast British warships from the harbour and make Boston itself untenable, 1,600 Americans were entrenched behind six-foot-high earthworks which had appeared, as if by magic, overnight. Gage had no choice. "The works," he said in his battle order, "must be carried."

By 3 p.m., 2,200 Redcoats had been ferried across the harbour and the attack began. Waiting till the British were within 20 paces, the Rebels fired a devastating barrage that sent them running. A second assault – over the bodies of their dead comrades – was also repulsed. On their third courageous attempt, the British drove the Americans – by then out of powder and throwing stones – from Breed's and Bunker Hills. The British had won the first real battle of the Revolution but victory cost 1,054 casualties.



This map indicates the commanding position of Bunker Hill. The Rebels could actually see troops in Boston embarking from Long Wharf and North Battery.

Incendiaries lobbed from Boston set Charlestown ablaze while warships punished the Americans with "the most incessant discharge of guns that ever was heard with mortal ears." "Nothing ever has been or can be more dreadfully terrible that what was to be seen or heard at this time," said one of thousands of spectators who watched from hilltops.

III. The Decision to Rebel

In this symbol, a snake, made up of separate colonies, faces a threatening British gryphon. The message is clear: "Unite or die."

The ex-conservatives at the Philadelphia Congress showed their new mood by passing up the offer of the Pennsylvania Statehouse as a meeting place and choosing instead Carpenters' Hall, a centre for radical activity in Philadelphia. To avoid frightening off their new supporters, the New England radicals shrewdly adopted a "keep mum" strategy, allowing others to do the talking. As a result it was the Virginians and Carolinians who emerged as determined advocates of the Patriot cause. One South Carolina delegate urged an immediate attack on British troops in Boston before they could be reinforced by London.

Congress was not yet ready for that kind of talk, but it pointedly ignored conservatives like Pennsylvania's Joseph Galloway, who was trying to push a plan for an intercolonial legislature which would share authority with Parliament. Galloway dropped his plan, he said, because his life was being threatened by mobs that hounded him in the Philadelphia streets. And to those who speculate about historical cause and effect it is interesting to note that Sam Adams had spent his first few days in town making the rounds of taverns and back alleys, vigorously shaking hands and buying drinks for "the boys."

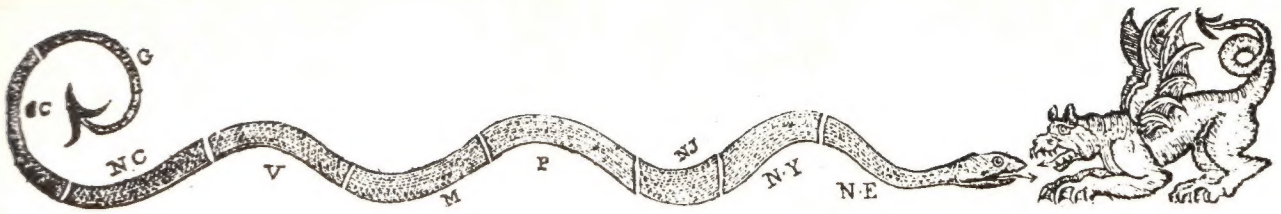
In October, 1774, Congress agreed on a Continental Association of the colonies which would institute another boycott of British products. Despite fierce opposition from diehard conservatives, it also pledged united assistance to the Massachusetts colonists should they find themselves fighting a *defensive* war against the British. Most still believed a peaceful settlement was possible, but not all. John Adams, Sam's wealthier and more conservative kinsman, told Patrick Henry that he expected "no redress, but on the contrary, increased resentment and double vengeance. We must fight."

"By God," the Virginian replied, "I am of your opinion."

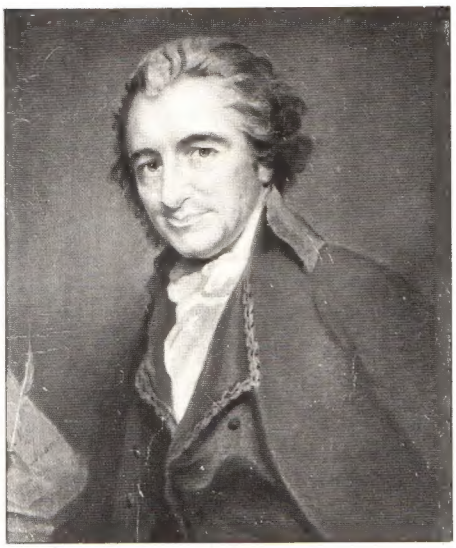
Congress broke up, agreeing to meet the following year. When word of their actions reached England, Lord North tried to appease – or at least divide – the colonies by offering some conciliatory propositions. Parliament, he said, would refrain from taxing them directly if

Minute Men, here answering a call with the alacrity which gave them their name, were mostly farmers. To be even a private in one of their companies was considered an honour.

This English cartoon made fun of the British army – pictured under a flag bearing a fool's cap and bells – for its many reverses in America.



A Brilliant and Maligned Prophet



Tom Paine, author of *Common Sense*.

"The period of debate is closed," concluded Thomas Paine's pamphlet, *Common Sense*, in January 1776. "TIS TIME TO PART." Through all the years of protest, boycott and riot, through Concord and Bunker Hill, colonists had insisted they wanted only their rights as Englishmen. "Independence" was rarely whispered.

Now here was a man who shouted it and America listened. *Common Sense* sold 150,000 copies. Illiterates bought it to have it read to them. Patriot propagandists, who had not dared to bandy such radical ideas before, echoed its proposals.

The author responsible for this sudden, massive and crucial shift in public opinion was born the son of a farmer in Thetford, Norfolk, in 1737. His only formal education was the local grammar school. Tom Paine tried unsuccessfully to make a career as a sailor, corset maker, tobacconist, preacher and excise officer.

An all-round failure at 37, he emigrated to Philadelphia in 1774. Working as an editor, he soon perceived that America had neither "an object or a system." She was "fighting, she scarcely knew for what, and which, if she could have obtained, would have done her no good." *Common Sense* supplied the object: an independent republic.

He demolished the popular notion that George III was a good King deceived by wicked ministers. He had no time for any monarch. "Of more worth is one honest man to society than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived."

He ennobled the rebellion – "the sun never shined on a cause of greater worth" – and made the Rebels feel heroic. "O ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth!" Later, in the darkest days of the war when the American cause seemed lost, he wrote the *Crisis* series which imbued the Continental Army with new zeal. "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

After the triumph, Paine was treated shabbily by the American government and he returned to England. In 1792 the government brought charges against him for publishing *Rights of Man*, in which he attacked the monarchy and proposed collective wage bargaining, a heavy progressive tax on unearned income (£10,000 on £23,000), state pensions, and maternity benefits (20s. per baby).

To avoid trial he fled to France, where the Revolutionaries first welcomed him as a hero, but later arrested and almost executed him. Rescued by the American ambassador, James Monroe, he published *Age of Reason*, which scandalized much of the Western world by saying humane behaviour was a better way to practise religion than the usual forms of worship.

He went back to the United States in 1802 and died there, in near poverty, in 1808. He wrote his own simple epitaph: "Author of Common Sense." In 1819 his gravestone was smashed, and his bones disappeared, taken by a man who professed a mission to return Tom Paine to England.

colonial assemblies would provide money when requested to do so. It was a classic case of too little too late. The day before North's proposals reached New York, word came from Massachusetts that the cold war had become a hot one.

In and around occupied Boston, adroit Patriot propagandists had kept rebellion at fever pitch. Radical newspapers pictured the British army as being manned exclusively by sex fiends, asserting that if the occupation did not end, "neither our Wives, Daughters, nor even Grandmothers would be safe." In the countryside, colonists were joining "Minuteman" units and laying in supplies. Early in March, 1775, the British seized a shipment of 13,000 cartridges being smuggled to the rebels.

It was in search of another arms cache – and in pursuit of Hancock and Sam Adams, whose arrests had at last been ordered from London – that 700 British soldiers marched out of Boston on the night of April 18. Were they lured forth by planted stories? Certainly the Patriots expected an expedition; a watch was kept, and Paul Revere rode through the night to Lexington, spreading the word that the Redcoats were coming.

Colonial Minutemen, as they would prove later that day, were masters of the ambush, yet when the British reached Lexington on the morning ot April 19 the Rebels were in open formation on the common, as if inviting the Redcoats to provide more Patriot martyrs. Sam Adams and John Hancock, warned by Revere, had fled the town for a safer hiding place near by. The British charged with bayonets and the Americans answered with fire. On hearing the first crack of musketry, Sam could not contain his joy. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "What a glorious morning this is!"

Eight Minutemen were killed in the first exchange of shots. The rest of the Americans took cover, moved on and met the Redcoats again at Concord Bridge. The shooting at Lexington had delayed the British long enough for the Patriots to hide most of their precious military stores – the prize that the British were seeking. At the North Bridge in Concord the Patriots, now reinforced by Minutemen who had hurried from their homes at the sound of firing, made a stand,

counter-attacked, and forced the tiring British to turn and retreat towards Boston as fast as possible. Up to this time, British casualties had been moderate. But now the countryside was buzzing with armed New Englanders who, safely hidden behind stone walls, barns and farmhouses, harried the exhausted column of Redcoats. The toll the Americans took on that hot afternoon was terrible. In all there were 273 British casualties as against 93 rebels. The war had begun.

It was, however, far from total. Radical publicists got their stories out first – General Gage accused them of robbing the mails to stop the dispatches he sent carrying the British version – and lurid they were. Undoubtedly some non-combatants were killed in the frequent exchange of shots. To the Patriots these were wanton murders. "Women in childbed were driven by the soldiery naked into the streets; old men peaceably in their houses were shot dead." Despite their good press, Patriots were unable to convince many Americans that the final break with England had come. Jefferson called Lexington an "accident."

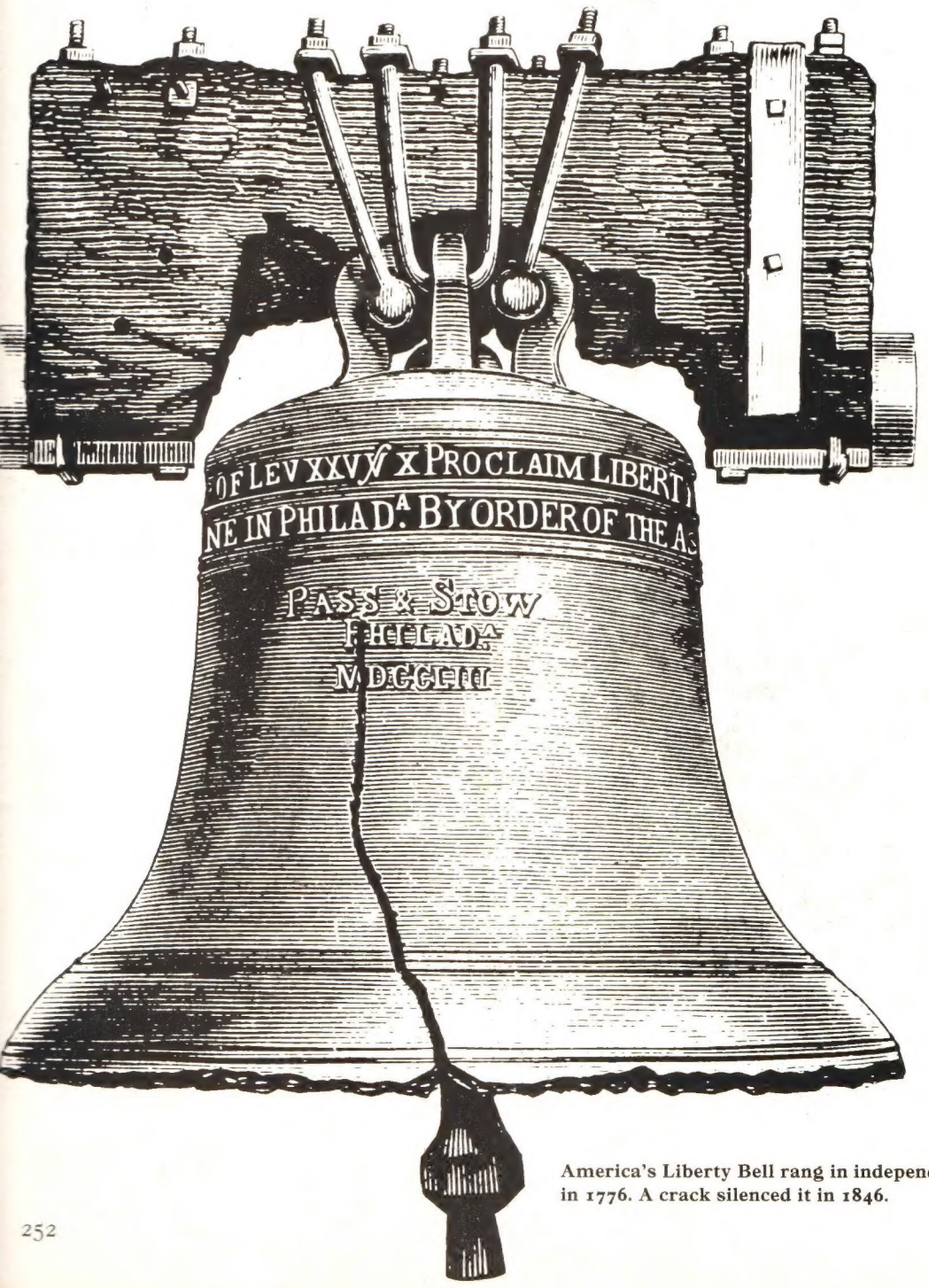
But Lexington had killed any chance of Americans accepting Lord North's proposals. Even so Congress overwhelmingly approved tendering an "Olive Branch" petition to England in July, 1775. While waiting for an answer, it went ahead with war preparations, choosing George Washington to command. It was just as well; the British government, its pride stinging from Lexington and the bloody battle in June at Bunker Hill near Boston, rudely rejected the petition. Still, few Americans dared to advocate a complete break with their mother country. They persisted in their belief that they were Englishmen.

It took a brand-new American, fresh off the boat from Britain, to change their minds. Thomas Paine, ex-corset maker, failed British excise officer and free-thinker, had emigrated to the colonies at the end of 1774. In January, 1776, he published a pamphlet that transformed the American political climate almost literally overnight. It was called *Common Sense*. In it he labelled King George III the "royal brute of Britain" and said the independence of America should have dated from "THE FIRST MUSKET THAT WAS FIRED AGAINST HER."

"We have it in our power," he wrote, "to begin the world over again." His words not only electrified the nation; they made it one. Later, he shared credit with the land itself, saying that "great scenes inspire great ideas. The nature of America expands the mind." It was said that every man in America who could read, read *Common Sense*. After its publication, Britain could only hold its American Empire by force. Probably a third of the colonists still opposed independence, but the cause of these Tories was lost unless the Patriots were beaten on the battlefield.

In March, Congress's secret Committee of Correspondence dispatched an envoy to seek French help against the British – assistance which would be crucial in the coming war. In June, Thomas Jefferson closeted himself in a Philadelphia carpenter's house to compose the words which – whatever had gone before – would rebuke for ever after cynical assertion that this was a paltry squabble over taxes. He spelled out the "self-evident" truths: that all men are created equal, that they have certain inalienable rights, that governments derive their powers from consent of the governed.

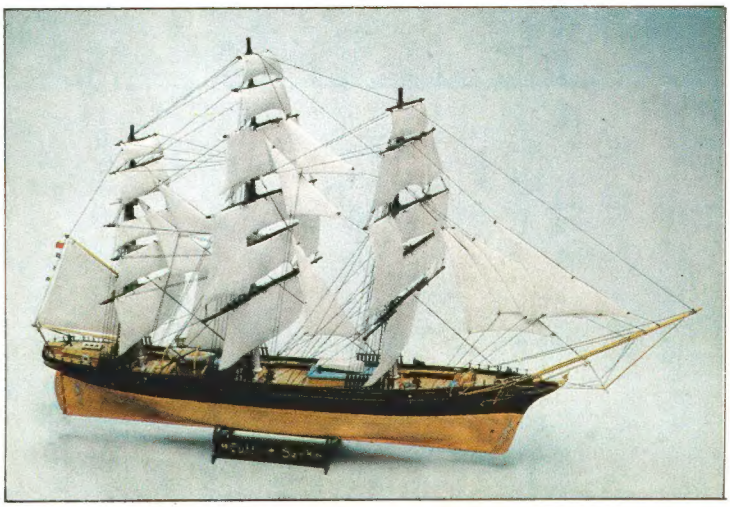
Congress approved his efforts, and on July 4, 1776, America proclaimed to the world that it was no longer part of the British Empire, but a new nation which would stand and fight to fulfil the aspirations embodied in that Declaration of Independence. The world waited to see if America could make good this promise.



America's Liberty Bell rang in independence in 1776. A crack silenced it in 1846.

Build your own historic sailing ship!

Only £2.00 for this Revell kit.



From Revell, the well-known model kit makers, comes this detailed two-feet long model of the 'Cutty Sark', fastest and most famous of the tea clippers.

Built more than a hundred years ago, and now preserved in a permanent dry dock by the Thames at Greenwich, the 'Cutty Sark' was foremost among the merchant fleet which formed the lifeline of the British Empire before the age of steam.

Save 50p

Now you can construct a replica of this graceful ship – and re-live in your own imagination its triumphs and adventures on the high seas of the world.

At only £2·00, you're saving 50p on the regular price of this fascinating kit. There are hours of absorbing interest ahead as you watch it take shape. No special skill, no special tools apart from tweezers and a paint brush are required – just patience!

Simplified construction

The kit includes a pre-formed one-piece deck with integrally moulded cabins, realistic vacuum-formed sails, simplified yard and mast assembly with rigging and anchor thread.

Although it is not too difficult for older children to assemble, this high quality kit is so detailed that it makes a handsome display piece for your bookshelves or side table. Colourfully boxed with full instructions, it also makes a very acceptable gift for any aspiring model-maker.

To order the kit in three weeks time you'll need four maroon tokens from *The British Empire*. The first token appears this week – make sure you keep it carefully.

How the token scheme works

Each week there are two tokens on the inside front cover of *The British Empire*. This week, there's the third yellow miniatures token and the first maroon modelship token. Each week you should collect these tokens to take advantage of the exciting offers that are on their way. And every week, as you collect towards the current offer, you'll be getting a start towards the next.

Richly elegant Gainsborough portraits on silk.

Thomas Gainsborough was perhaps the most famous portrait painter of the eighteenth-century 'age of elegance'. Now two of his most striking works are reproduced, in miniature, for your home.

A matching pair

One shows the beautiful actress Mrs. Siddons. The other is a superb portrait of the soldier-statesman Lord Hastings, friend of the pleasure-loving Prince of Wales.

Now the two can hang together in your home, making an elegant matching pair for your living room, study or bedroom. Beautifully boxed with transparent covers, they also make a generous gift.

Pure Italian silk

Each miniature is lavishly reproduced on pure Italian silk, which helps to recapture the rich glow of the original paintings.

The gilt-framed portrait itself is $3\frac{1}{4}''$ high, and the velvet-type mount measures about $6'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$. The back of each mount is finished in shot satin and carries a brass ring for easy hanging.

Only £2·75 the pair

Miniatures of this superior quality, reproduced on silk, would normally cost £4·30 a pair in the shops.

Thanks to an exclusive import arrangement, they can be offered to readers of *The British Empire* for only £2·75 the pair, with four yellow tokens. The third token appears this week.

Note

If you miss a token, your newsagent will be able to order the appropriate back number of *The British Empire* for you.

All offers applicable to the British Isles only.

Autumn Tailor-mades, Paris, 1916